

Weak by geeisajacketslut

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst with a Happy Ending, Depression, F/M, Five Stages of Grief, Fluff, Missing Persons

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-03-31

Updated: 2017-03-31

Packaged: 2022-04-02 00:28:15

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,420

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

It had been a week since she left. Mike couldn't stop the guilt flooding his body that she sacrificed herself for him. He barely left his room at all. It was as if she'd died.

-

How Mike grieves after Eleven's disappearance.

Weak

Author's Note:

fyi;;; not all of this is canon. most of it is, but i threw in some memories/moments that didn't happen in the show mostly for the fluff and so this flowed better

also if you didn't see the tags, this DOES have a happy ending!!!

It had been a week since she left.

Eleven.

Mike couldn't stop the guilt flooding his body that she sacrificed herself for him. He barely left his room at all. Family and friends came over to offer comfort and support, but he always turned them away. Every time.

Mike knew deep down that she wasn't dead, but he also knew deep down that she might never come back. He left his room for meals but always returned back to behind his closed door every time. He couldn't bring himself to leave. Sometimes, he'd visit the basement, and look at where she had first slept, but most days he couldn't handle just seeing the blanket fort. He never took it apart, just in case she returned.

It was as if she'd died. Mike felt as if her soul was lingering in his room. He never left the room just so he'd never lose the feeling of her being there. Every time he laid on his bed, he imagined her next to him, just like old times. Sometimes he thought he could hear her.

He'd wake up flushed at 4 in the morning because he'd hear a crackle on his walkie-talkie and he'd run over and furiously attempt to try and get that signal back. It'd never work and he always cried afterward.

Most of his time was spent crying. He wanted her back. He wanted to keep her safe. He missed her, he missed her more than he'd ever missed someone. He kept blaming himself over and over for letting her go.

He wished it was him instead. Mike knew she deserved to be out of harm after all she'd gone through.

Dustin and Lucas knew not to bring her up ever again. Will had questions, but he knew better not to ask Mike directly.

~

Soon there was a new girl in Hawkins. She attended the middle school with the boys. Her name was Max and she rode a skateboard and flipped off boys and didn't take shit from anyone. Mike knew El would've loved her.

Most days, Dustin, Lucas, or Will came over and updated him on the gossip he missed at school as Mike was being homeschooled by Joyce; Hopper had convinced her to take a leave from work for a while. One of the boys would talk animatedly, but Mike would stare at the wall, or down at his hands, and never respond with more than a "yeah" or "oh?". But after a while, the boys' visits got shorter and more awkward. Mike didn't ever notice. There was even one moment

when Will came over and caught Mike praying for Eleven to come back.

When Mike finally returned to school, a couple months after she disappeared, he just couldn't walk past the science room.

He'd make his way toward it, but run off before his hand could even graze the doorknob. He couldn't go in, not after what went had happened in it.

He skipped every science class the rest of the year. He opted to hide in the bathroom or library instead, reading up on various books about knights or princesses that he knew El would've loved. He hoped that she was reading along, but knew deep down that she wasn't.

That year, Mike had to go to summer school to finish 7th grade, luckily classes were hosted at the local library and not in his regular classrooms. He powered through his classes because he knew El would want him to do so.

~

Soon it had been a year since the events. They were all in 8th grade now. Mike's 14th birthday passed. He had a small party with Dustin, Lucas, Will and Max. The whole party was grim. It was as if something vital was missing from the event. Everyone knew what that gap was. Nobody brought it up. They played low-key games of Scrabble and a couple rounds of Truth or Dare, but Mike's mood was so depressing that they ended up just turning on a movie instead of

attempting to make small talk. When everyone left, they all individually gave him a hug and said they were there for him. Mike didn't listen...or care.

Instead, that night he stole a couple of beers from the pantry and brought them upstairs. He spent that night drinking to forget about the bad stuff and drinking to remember the good moments. He remembered the blushes El got whenever Mike stared at her for a little too long. He remembered how it felt when she fell asleep on his shoulder. He remembered tucking her in and giving her a kiss on the cheek.

Karen Wheeler wasn't mad when she found the empty beer bottles on the floor, but she was heartbroken when she saw Mike curled up in bed, tear stains on his face, and a picture of Eleven held to his chest. She gave him a kiss on the forehead which immediately woke him up.

Mike hadn't been sleeping well either. Anytime he got to bed, he'd either have nightmares that kept waking him up, or he wouldn't be able to fall asleep in the first place.

"It's not gonna be like this forever, Mike," Karen said. Mike began crying again. Karen pulled her only son close and let him cry it all out.

"It hurts. I want her back. I'd do anything." Mike told her in between sobs.

"I know it does, baby. And I know you would. You'd do anything for

her.” She responded as she rubbed his back. They sat like this for a while. They didn’t talk much, but Karen felt this was the breakthrough Mike needed.

~

At the beginning of 9th grade, Mike had given up on waiting. He knew he’d have to accept it sometime or another, so why not now?

It had been almost two years now. Any time his walkie-talkie made a sound, he just turned down the volume. Anytime the lights would flicker, he’d just turn them off. Mike knew it wasn’t her. His friends couldn’t tell if this acceptance was a good or bad sign.

Mike was still a light sleeper. Any tiny sound woke him up. He had had to double check that nothing would wake him up during the night just so he could sleep more than four hours per night. He turned off his walkie-talkie completely and hid it in the closet. He shut his windows so they wouldn’t shake or open. He did everything to ensure he could sleep how he used to.

The nightmares had mostly stopped, but he never forgot about her.

“Mike.” Mike’s eyes snapped open, he had heard someone. He knew that it was sometime in the middle of the night, as no light was coming in from the windows-making the room pitch black.

“E-El? Is that you?” Mike reached his hand over to his bedside table, but waited a moment before turning on the lights. He’d had moments like these before, where he’d hear her voice, or see someone with a shaved head, or a pink dress like hers. But it was never her. He didn’t wanna get himself excited, and then get let down again.

With a click, the light was on. A girl was sitting on the end of his bed, staring back at him. A girl with shoulder-length hair, wearing a ratty, too-small, pink dress. It was the same dress Mike had given her years prior. Her face and body was dirty and covered with dry blood. She had clearly grown (a lot), but Mike still recognized her.

“Eleven. It’s you.” Mike whispered as tears came streaming down his face. He pulled her close and held her tight. They didn’t speak. They just held each other and cried into each other’s arms. Mike could feel how bony she was through the thin dress and he knew she’d need to get fed, cleaned up and get some new clothes. But not this second

“I missed you. So fucking much.” He said through sobs.

“I missed you too, Mike.” She replied. And that was all Mike needed to hear. Soon she was leaning in to kiss him. After a bit, they pulled apart. Mike smiled.

“Come on, let’s get you fixed up.” He helped her up off the bed, and put his arm around her waist as he lead her down the hall to his parent’s room to have his mom help her get ready.

Eleven was home at last. She was back where she belonged.

Author's Note:

thank you so much for reading! i appreciate all comments/compliments/feedback/criticism so type away!

comment suggestions or ask on my tumblr: Queen-Of-The-Otps

<3 ily guys!